FUN AS A SERIOUS MATTER.

A COUNTRY EDITOR GEIS HIS PAPER OUT UNDER DIFFICULITIES.

Remarkable Composite Pictures Made of
Masterpieces, Ordinary Advertisements,
ond Other Matters—Art and Appleax.
Four days after the late bilizard the editor of
the Venitown Cutlet, an illustrated comic paper
published on a remote casis in the desert of New
Jersey, came over to New York on snowshoes
for help, and he told the following story, offering his paper in evidence, a copy of which he
brought along in his pocket.

"I came over here," he said, "to get an artist
to work on my paper. I can write the jokes myself, but I can't draw the pictures that go with
them, and an illustrated comic paper without
pictures is rather more of a joke than I care to
spring on my subscribers, who have been accustomed to the less striking humor of the average comic paper. I had an artist who did excellent work, considering that he only got ten
per week, and had to wait till he got that, but
when the bilizzard came he resorted to broken
doses of appleack until he was completely
oured of his art habit and didn't know anything.
I couldn't get out to find a substitute, but I
might have got along withs few old drawings
in stock, but in thawing them out they took fire

soon I shooed up a whole was simple enough
after that. To make my pelures made of the effects of colorad on and your
and give senime of the effects of colorad on and you the
will see, when you look at the next pleature much of the effects of colorad on the effect of the description of the effects of colorad on the action of the pletures and you the security of the work in haudity to the
much the beauty of the work is an all single resource. I picked out a haughtyvery simple resource. I picked out a haughtytooking reshlore. I picked out a haughtytooking reshlore. I picked out a haughtytook ing reshlore. I picked out a haughtytook ing reshlore, and with my useal still i combined
in mind, and then for the part of argument, and with my useal still i combined
to my great

of tombstones reminds me of biers. he went on, with a cheerful smile, "and I always did like this hadn't more than got that other one off make about to give up issuing the paper until the I was a newspaper man got his paper out under any sort of difficulties, so I set about it. I went at my exchanges with a rush, and among the first I struck was a Philadelphia paper containing cuts of the art exhibition of the Philadelphia Academy. It was a rich find, for there were a number of pictures by artists none of my contemporaries could get pictures from, and I began to feel good all over. I picked out the "Portrait of a Lady," by William Chase, and Chase is no louch, as a starter, and just beyond it I found a to fa marble bust by Sculptor Charles Grafly, variey is a friend of mine, and I made a comston of the two that showed up well. A some to consider whe zand the showed up well. A tome to consider whe zand the showed up well. A tome to consider whe zand the subset of the content of the sixth page."

"What he even core!"

"That one. I think, is mo any in the lot, because it is so up in the lot, because it is not any in the lot, because it is not ural, and I always did like this hadnet may be that, other one off may in the part of the paper until the achieve one off in spice of the paper until the seemed made expressly for the war and then added my say on the matter, and I had this.

"And then subset one of the action of the seemed made expressly for the work and the make the toot and seramble per into some cuts of old Dutch mask before any the make the toot and seramble per into some cuts of old Dutch mask before any the sequence of cutypis, and the second made expressly for the work and the make the toot and seramble per into some cuts of old Dutch mask before any the sequence of the paper out on the matter of the sixth made any in the lot, because it is not any in the lot, because it is not any in the lot, because it is not had the courself. Co or the cutype, and the make the toot and seramble per into seasons and you come to consider what a distracting sort of blizzard that blizzard was. Then I wrote one of my time-tried and fire-tested dialogic jokes to go with my combination picture, and there's what I had as a result."

He turned to his paper and pointed out this



He (intensely)-Oh, why do you scorn me so? She (disdainfully—Come off. I've got no use for a can when he's busted.

man when he's busted.

"Not so darned bad after, all, is it?" be said, in a tone of pride, as he surveyed his handlwork.

"That one pleased me so," he went on, "that I went for another. I got the pleture of 'The Flower Maker,' by Harriet C. Foss, who knows her business, and combined it with a 'Portrait of Wilson Eyre,' by John Lambert, who paints a portrait out of sight, and when I had joined the two in the holy bonds of art illustration, by hokey, I had something that defield detection. It was dead easy to write an appropriate dialogue to a work of art like that, and here she is on page three," and he turned to the page:



He-Because you are so ex-pensive.

"Get onto its curves," he said proudly. "Ain't e a corker from Cork? When I had them

the a corker from Cork? When I had them two done, he continued.

I thought I would drop down a peg or two and strike something less ambitions, so I looked over the advertising columns of Puck, where the best things in that paper are found, by the way, and if you don't believe me ask the business manager, and I found something that made me have the thills thinking about what my artist was doing with himself, but I saw a loke in the picture, and with a swish of my schsora, aswipe of my paste brush, and a tash of my pencil I had this one.

"Next I hit the advertising columns of Life and ran into a picture of the Sphinx-is that what you call it?—and right away I thought of something that said nothing, and in two shakes of a lamb's tail I had this interesting and profound bombination.

"Our local shoemaker brought in an advertise of the sphing is the said of the sphinx is that what you call it?—and right away I thought of something that said nothing, and in two shakes of a lamb's tail I had this interesting and profound



combination.

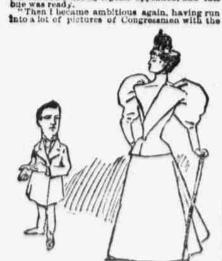
Cour local shoemaker brought in an advertisement while I was in the midst of my artistic abors, and by the time be had got back to his

our local shoemaker brought in an advertisement while I was in the midst of my artistic abors, and by the time so had got back to his hop I had run through some more exchanges and found something to it his case, though the seption I gave it didn't uit mine very well.

Inyhow, this is what I fixed up to fill in a corner next to a poem on the Last Man.

By the way, he smiled, "that 'last' man loke isn't so bad, is it, when we are talking about sheemakers? I guess I'll save that and send it over to one of the New York comics. However, that's another story. To go on with my work as an artist. If there is anything more than another that appears to my finer sensibilities, it is woman, lovely woman, and I made up my mind to give her a nice little semi-humorous send-off, and getting on to the ever present 'Woman's I'sge of one of my esteemed contemporaries. I found a practice, it is the work of a dainty but of femininity, and in haif a minute I had it cut out and a fitting legend appended, and this bile was ready.

"Then I became ambitious again, having run into a bit of welvers of Congression with the



He-Badam, I am to be obeyed. I shall key the law onewhere where it won't go; herier lay it down asual slosh about their personal peculiarities, position while speaking on the deoret the House, and that seri. I cut out a let of them and went under for something to match, and pretty



Effic-I heard to-day that Mr. Slimmer was worth a nillion dollars. Jane-He wouldn't be worth that much to me.

"This had a rather der for I was horing to be worth a million myself some day, solely for the benefit of a certain young woman, nameless here for evermone, so I let myself loose once more among the bon motters, these trifles light as air, and the first one I hit upon so strongly reminded ms of one of my local contemporaries that I "This had a rather depressing effect on me,

of one of my local contemporaries that I jumped at it quick and got this out.

"Right away another ad, suggested something to me, and before I had time to reason out the processes of connecting the intellectualities, the artistries, and the advertisements of furniture, and lamp stores and livery stables I knocked out two more, as you will see there on the same page next to reading matter:



"I tell you what it is," he said in the voice of an enthusiast, "a man really doesn't know what he can do in illustrative art until he tries. Ne-cessity is the mother of invention, beyond a doubt, and an editor is its father if anybody is." He turned over the pages of his paper slowly. doubt, and an editor is its father if anybody is."
He turned over the pages of his paper slowly.
"There's another," he said. "I wanted something to fill a quarter page with, and I went into my fashion plates and Congressmen pictures again, and I caught Amos Cummings of New York—of course you know Amos—right in the act of making a powerful appeal to the Speaker, or whoever it is a Congressman appeals to—it isn't the Lord. I know—and I thought he had a hand-shake look about him, so I picked out a lady of fashion for him to shake hands with, and then, to put the joke on Amos, I fixed up a dialogue, and let the composition go in in this shape:



HOW SHE DID. He-Why, how do you do? She-Very well without you, thanks.

"Amos hasn't ordered any extra copies yet," he laughed, "but, of course, he will when he sees the picture, though, of course, his name doesn't appear in the article. The fact of the business is, none of my subscribers are on to my little scheme, but they think I've got one of these Heardsley style of artists that piles all



ture that looked like a genuine bilgzard—excuse me, I mean Beardaley—and it moved me to such violent emotions that I actually turned off a poem to stick to it, and here's tho layout:
"So far I hadn't any of those progressive pictures that no comic paper is complete without, continued this New-Jersey genius," so I went hustling for something to fill a long-felt want, and I found it among the show advertisements in one of those papers that prints pictures of theatrical exhibitions and takes the pay out in complimentaries. One was from a character in 'The New Woman.' I believe, and the other wasn't. Any way, they fit like a pair of twins, and when I got the troupe together I had a cast



"WILL HE EVER CORE!"

"That one, I think, is more humorous than any in the lot, because it is so confounded natural, and I always did like this natural kind of humor that bubbles up and splashes over spontaneously; don't you?"

"I didn't happen to have any Gray Parker around the office to make a horse for me, and I felt the need of at least one horse pleture to make the toot and scramble perfect, so I dived into some cuts of old Dutch masters in some-body's gallery, blamed If I know whose, and I fished out one of Cuyp's. Do you know Cuyp 7 I guess he lived some time B. C. or such a matter, but he was a daisy, I cut out half of his picture, reserving only the equine effects, and built an addition on to it in the shape of a witty



Paughter-The outside, papa.

Paughter-The outside, pspa.

"The name of it was the 'Departure of the Chase,' but what's in a name? The dialogue I capped it with beats the name hands down. I consider that little conversation equal to if not superior to old man Cup's picture, but I don't begrudge it, for I want my subscribers to have the best in the market. However,' he broke in suddenly, "I can't stay here talking about art in New Jersey; I've got to get a move on and find an artist who has no objections to going to the country, and get him out there some way in time for the next edition. Two weeks of artistic labor like the last one will make a physical and mental wreck of me, and then nothing would be left to me except a job on a Brooklyn paper, and I'm not quite ready for that yet. Good morning, genta," and the editor of the Vealtown Culist went through the door and around the next corner precipitately.

ROUNDING BOGOSLOV VOLCANO.

The Roaring of Sea Lious in the Fog Warned the Steamer from the Rocks, "When the United States revenue steamer Corwin, cruising for seal pirates in the Behring Sea, left Atka on the morning of July 15 and laid her course for Ounalaska," said an officer of that ship, "the volcano of Bogoslov lay directly in her path. It was at a period not long after the terrible unwitnessed eruption that literally blew the top of the mountain into the sea. The weather was clear, and a good view of the magnificent island scenery was had. Astern lay the Atka mountains, 6,000 feet high, their tops snow-covered, their base a beautiful green of varied shades. On the south rose the serrated ridges of the island of Amlia, the eastern end forming the western side of the Seventy-two or Whalemen's Pass. The mountain summits of other islands were in view. Later in the day a fog closed down which at evening became, in the semi-daylight, of a milky tint almost impenetrable to vision.

"It was an auxious time for all on board cruising as they were in an archipelage of volcanic islands. The Five Islands were passed in safety, after which Bogoslov was the next land in the way. The fog continued down the next day and no observations could be made. Standing on the bridge with Pilot Douglass the next

forenoon, the Captain said to the pilot: "'I don't quite like this, Mr. Douglass, My reckoning brings the ship up with Bogoslov at 11:15 to-day. Heaven knows whether she will be there or not. I wish it would light up a little so we could see something."

" 'I do see something,' said Douglass, whose gaze was bent ahead. 'I see Hogoslov, sir. Then, pointing straight ahead and upward into the fog, 'See, see the smoke, sir.'

"Through a rift in the fog, at some twelve de-grees elevation, there could be seen ahead a huge black mass, from the top of which poured volumes of smoke as from a chimney. It showed for thirty seconds only, but that was sufficient. It was only a mile away, and the ship's reckoning was verified. Steaming slowly through the fog that closed down densely, bottom was found in forty fathoms. The swell was tom was found in forty fathoms. The swell was heavy, and the dashing of the breakers on the rocks was plainly heard ahead, while the roaring of the numerous sea lions that inhabit this rock was loud and incessant. Drifting slowly inshore, the lead soon showed twenty-five fathoms, and the breakers seemed just under the bow. Nothing could be seen of the rocks. Ten fathoms, the next sounding, showed that the shore was dangerously near.

""Rack her out, ordered the Captain. We'll be on the rocks before we see them." Then, turning to the pilot, he said: We'll go round the south point. We can feel our way by the noise of the sea lions.

ing to the work of the seal form way of the seal flors. Of the seal flors, the of the seal flors, the "Guided by the roaring of the seal flors, the point was slowly rounded. Once under the less of the island the Corvin was held with a view to anchoring for a few hours. But the sea was too heavy for landing, so the Captain ordered too heavy for landing, so the Captain ordered too heavy for landing to the Captain ordered to heavy for landing to the landi

PROFILS IN MINING CAMPS.

A Great Pall in Wages and Also in the Prices of Supplies. Although there is much activity in the gold-

producing States of the West, especially Col-orado, miners' wages are not what they once were in the days of the gold fever. The prospector still goes forth with pick and shovel and meagre camp outfit to seek his fortune, and still occasionally strikes it rich, but the man that works with shovel and pick for another no longer has a pocket full of money at the end of the week or month. It used to be that miners working for wages carned as much as \$6 a day. Now there are many miners working at \$2 a day, and \$3.50 a day is a high rate. The pay of foremen is sometimes not higher than the latter rate. Minera' wages are \$2 a day in regions where the mines are not deep, and where the work does not greatly differ from other pick and shovet work. Wages go as high as \$3.50 a day in the deep mines, where there is an element of danger and the workman must have skill and experience. It was the opinion of an observer in the for West during the worst of the hard times that the miners' union at one point was enabled to maintain wages at the rate

the hard times that the miners' union at one point was canabled to maintain wages at the rate of better times, chiefly by reason of the fact that the men worked harder than ever before, knowing that idle men of experiences were ready to take their places at tower wages.

With the reduction of miners' wages has come a reduction of wages in most other employments in mining regions. The rate of wages in the great industry of a region acts the rate for other industries in the same place. The miner earning St aday no longer has to pay for his necessaries, conveniences, and little conforts the prices that used to be charged in the early days of high wages. The mining regions are nearer in time to the base of supplies than they once were, and everythedy about the camps is content with amalor wages, and emplies than they once were, and everything needed for the camp is got to the scene in perhaps one-ionial the time that was required for furulabiling a camp even twenty-five years ago. Meanwhile, it is essaile for men to go West, and the range have decreely populated regions comparison of the large one-ionial that the importance of the mining regions are no longer a virgin field opin to every somes who chasses to stake a classification of the worker and thought control the way bee. But I rather like licardiety, and to hit of the subtant and the while hands could be control and to the other of the country ought to see a repetition of the wonders of 'st, and lands long roamed over by the cauntry and thought cortiles of the mining are full of prespectors' holes.

ROLLER SKATING AGAIN.

very natural impulse toward rubbing the local-

SOMETHING TO FALL OVER.

A LITTLE THY BY HERSELF.

ON THEIR WAY TO BUSINESS.

ON THEIR WAY TO BUSINESS.

If the roller skating craze be revived with its old fury, the whole city will be on wheels when suitable weather comes. The many asphale pavements will afford plenty of good skating space, and perhaps we may see merchants, bankers, and saloun keepers on their way to business, women out shopping, school children on their unwilling fourse to daily lessons, and even the sturdy policiman patrolling his beat, all on roller skates when the spring comes.

CATCHING A WILD HEIFER.

She Charges a Skilful Mon and Is Flipped

Over In a Jiffy. In Washington county, Me., between New Stream and the East Machias River, the towns-men of Northfield and Whitneyville have had

considerable fun since October chasing a wild helfer, which strayed from Bartlett Albee's

farm in Northfield some time last summer. She

displayed all the alertness and sagacity of game

animals in cluding capture. Does were put on

her in November, but instead of circling as deer

do when pursued by hounds, she put straightaway like a caribou, to remain for weeks away

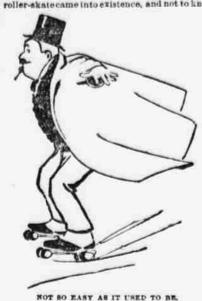
frightful when she turned that Heinessay and the boys gave way.

Henley was game. Two years ago a she bear is said to have treed him, and he has been the victim of more or less cuying ever since. He is a powerful young fellow and knows how to

from her accustomed localities.

WILL THE TOWN ONCE MORE SURRENDER TO THE CRAZE?

Those Who Once Were Experts Are Trying Their Shill, and Young Mes and
Maidens Are Taking Lessons TegetherIncidents to He Noticed in the Hinks.
Fashions, like history, repeat themselves.
Only a few years ago the roller-shating craze
sprang up, a mushroom growth in the hothouse of public amusements. Every person house of public amusements. Every person between the ages of infancy and decrepitude was affected with the mania, and bands of predatory youths armed with curved sticks flitted from rink to rink devastating each other's shins in the name of polo. The compound verb coller-skate came into existence, and not to know



or write. Then fickle favor deserted the rinks. They were turned into theatres or lecture halls or storerooms for rubbish, and the revolving skate was seen only on the street urchins in such localities as City Hall Park, where one skate is considered as good an equipment as any boy should require. Now the fad is back upon us and feet long

how to do it was as bad as not being able to read

unused to slippery progress are again trained to rolling ways. The citizen who was still young when the former craze started finds as one re-



sult of the years that the pastime is not so easy

as it used be.

Yet he must perforce learn again or be out of the rush, and with him in his practice will be plenty of others, men and women, old and young, who will twist themselves into all the angles and curves known to mathematics, with all the results known to surgery. During the learning process, which is now well under way, the few places in the city available for rinks present studies in comparative anatomy. Pron-inent among the gliding figures is the man who



A MENACE TO LIFE AND LIMB.

knows how to skate fast. There his erudition ends. His is the little learning that is a dangerous thing, for while he can go ahead at an anazzing pace he is a nowice in the matter of steering, and whosoever gots in his path must be prepared for the worst. On a boundless prairie, with no other human beings to interfere in his unbridled course, his methods would be admirable, but on a floor crowded with fellow creatures he is a menace to life and limb.

He always skates with his shoulders well forward, so that in case of collision the brunt of the ward, so that in case of collision the brunt of the shock comes on the other party. People soon



AN EASY GLIDE.

learn to give him free space, but every now and then some unfortunate learner can't escape in time, and over he goes like the bowling pin before the onset of the ball.

"Gracious" did I knock you down?" asks his assailant with a surprise not at all modified by the fact that he has already had a score of other such collisions during the afternoon. "I didn't see you coming. Hope you aren't hurt."

By the ethics of roller skating it is proper for the other man to rise up with a pleasant smile and say that he isn't hurt at all. This is what he does for the public view. The black, seething thoughts of murder that which through his

the woods near the confluence of Old and New streams, which empty into the Machias east of Northfield, Thomas Honnessey and Jim Healey, companied by some boys, started out to cap-Hunger had driven the animal from the woods to the chearings, but nothing could induce her to come near a human being. When sighted, Hennessey and Healey gave chase on show shoes, the deep show making rapid progress for the heifer out of the question. She rain however, till her pursuers were close on her quarters, when she saddenly turned to give battle. Her bellowings were borriffe, and she hossed so frightful when she turned that Hennessay and the boys gave way.

Healey was game.



brain as he speaks his little pieces are matters between him and the recording angel. Prifful chough is his case as he limpingly trundles to a seat, clasping his hands together to restrain a

THE WOMAN OF THE WINDMILL TRAINING BIRDS FOR SPEED A Romantic and Tragic Incident in the Wat of La Vendee,

From the Flower. It was a pretty little windmill, with its big round tower capped by a weather vane, its long arms or blades which rattled in the west wind like the sails of a loat in stays, and its little round windows looking over the hills of Anjou like the telescopes of an astronomer - such was the windmill of Bernardenu; and when it was working all the windmills around the neighborhood looked like white sea guils pursued by a bird of prey. It was situated on the slope of the Guigne at the end of a little crooked pathway hardly wide enough for the mill donkey, and in which one might search in vain for traces of human footprints, because it was so dark under its vault of shrubbery, so muddy and rugged that the woman of the mill always took to the vines when on her way to Ancenis on foot.

And a handsome woman, too, was this lady of the mill. She was 45 years old, with a wellrounded form, a little hand, flashing dark eyes, lips as red as wild cherries, and a well-turned leg. She was smart in her attire, and there was little in her appearance to reveal the fact that she was a widow. When she came into the village mounted upon the donkey that carried her bags of flour, all the young fellows came out to admire her fine figure and the beautiful limbs which appeared below her short skirt.

Even the donkey himself seemed proud of his mistress. He travelled along at an easy gait, tossing his head and cocking his ears, as if to sny to everybody, "Here she is; you have only to look at her; this is is Meunière of Bernandeau. There isn't another woman like her in all the country!" And that was the truth. But she was the subject of a great deal of goosip. How the tongues did wag on her account! It was said that since the death of her husband, a poor goose of a fellow who had taken her with-out a cent from a farm and left her all his property, she frequently tossed her cap over the blades of her windmill. Whether this was true or not, the blades certainly never told; but one thing is certain, and that is that she did have up her cap there publicly on one occasion, and it cost her her life. Here is her story: The first thing the Vendeens did when they

rose in revolt against the republic was to make use of the windmills. Nothing could be better suited for signailing or more troublesome for the enemy. Where the Blues could only see white wings turning round in a melancholy fashion, the Chouans possessed a perfect telegraphic system, which told them of the movements of the republican army.

The windmill of Pernardeau was one of the

It is against the law for the fallen one to kill the idiot with the cane, and even if it weren't he couldn't get up to do it, as the idiot escapes and goes around looking for another victim to maden with his interrogations. No subject for his mirth is the pretty girl with the big sleeves, for an athirtic-tooking youth is with her; quite remarkably with her, in fact, and it is requiring all his athlette qualities to keep her on her feet. Meanwhile all the rink is taken into her confidence and knows just how she feels about it.

"Ow! Charley! Oh! don't let me go. Isn't it awfully slippers? Oh! There, I nearly went then, Gracious, look of me with my arms around you as if — Ow! How strong you are, Charley. I hope you den't mind being used for a hitching post. There! I would have gone then if you hadn't held me."

As time goes on, however, she gains more confidence, and presently announces her intention of taking just a little try by herself. So she takes a few spasmodic strokes, and, keeping her feet close together, rad's proudly if somewhat trenulously along the floor, with her escort just behind in case of mishap. Lucky for her if the fast skater come not by that way to bring her to grief, and if nothing worse happen than that a sanden turn on the part of her rollers brings her in a curve face to face with the side wall. Charley is behind and guides her out again to the open spaces to repeat the performance.

In this rink exhibit there are plenty of other types—the sturdy middle-aged man who skates straight ahead with determination writ-ten all over his face that he is going to get a certain amount of exercise without any less of time; the graceful girl skater who sweeps around the rink in long curves; the small boys who dart mully here and there, and the am-bitious fancy skaters, one of whose legs is al-ways resturing in mid-air.

Saturday a week ago there was a heavy snow storm in that part of the country, and report having come to Whitneyville that the heifer, a shadow of her former self, had been sighted in

a powerful young fellow and knows how to handle cartle.

When the helfer turned he planted himself squarely in front of her. She hesitated, eyed him furnessly for a moment, and charged, When she lowered her head to give him the toas Healey grasped leads of her horns, threw all the weight of his leady on his left hand, bearing the heiler's head into the snow, at the same time poshing up and over on the left horn. It's a trick that has to be done on the instant, and when it is worked as Healey worked it, down goes the animal, as did the heifer.

Healey held her head in the snow while Hennessey and the horse procured ropes with which to tic har legs tegether. This being done, she was bundled onto a sled and taxen to Northfield, where she is now putting on fat and getting user to her earlier surroundings.

INTERESTING WORK OF THE PIGEON FANCIERS.

Races in Which There Can Be No Crowding and No dockeying Pennies the mwiftest Pipers Examples of Speed,

From the Chirago Heralit, MILWAURER, Feb. 3.- Every week from May to the close of September the express companies on railroads running west from this city have anslened to them a dozen or more wicker baskets. These baskets are filled with heming pigeons, better known to the public as carries pigeons. They are the very blue blond of then class, with records in long-distance travelling that would make a century rider turn green with envy. Follow them out along the line and you will see them dropped 100, 150, or cot miles from Milwankee and there released. A few hours from that three tney will be back safe in their home lofts, while their owners anxious ly compute the time made, for this is one of the numerous races flown during the summer.

Most of these birds belong to the Meteor Homing Pigeon Club, which association has done much in the past six years to make this delightful sport nepular; and delightful it is even to the tyro, for his very honesty. There is no such thing as trickery with three beautiful messengers of the air. There is no pulling up on trying to pecket another fellow. Every match must, from the very nature of things, be on its merits. The club officers recently elected are: President, Otto L. Kuchu; Vice-President. George W. Crabb; Secretary and Treasurer, W. N. Durbin; Warden, John Fershing. The club numbers fourteen members. Of these all but two have lofts, with about four hundred birds, Of this number President Kuchn has seventy, and among them are some of the crack birds of the country, including Lily, who won the first prize in the World's Fair race. Mr. Kuchn, though comparatively young in years, is an oid fancier and one of the fathers of the sport in Milwaukee. When he came to this country he brought with him a pair or two of birds, and from these came many of the flyers of to-day. He is an enthusiast on the subject of the sport and hones to see the time when it will be as popular here as in the old country. This enthusiasm is likely to be shared by any one coming in contact with Mr. Kuchn when homing pigeous are the topic for conversation. The other members of the club are equally zealous in the advancement of their favorite sport, and it is this which gives the club its prominence.

The working season does not open until the month of May. Beginning with that month and continuing until the close of July, the races

white wing terming could in a privature of the control of the cont